

CORADDI





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Everywhere you go...

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They Satisfy

CORADDI



VOL. XLVI

OCTOBER, 1941

No. 1

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The CORADDI is published by the students of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, Greensboro, North Carolina, every October, December, March, and May.



SUBSCRIPTION RATE, \$1.00 PER YEAR



Breaking Ground

With this, the first 1941-42 issue of our literary quarterly, six new writers, five new business assistants, a photographer, and a cartoonist are breaking ground in CORADDI.

And we are indeed breaking precedent in CORADDI by inviting a member of our faculty, Dean Harriet Elliott, Consumer Adviser on the National Defense Commission, to contribute. We have all heard and read Miss Elliott's remarks on what women can do in National Defense. But at the Pre-School Conference this fall we began to wonder what of the student's role in National Defense. "Miss Elliott," we asked, "isn't there something we students can do?" "Oh, my yes," she said. She has written an article to guide all of you in preparation for this emergency.

If you think it an easy matter to dash off a story like *Uprooted*, you do not know the trials of authorship. After turning in her story to creative writing class, Margaret Jones was still dissatisfied and rewrote it every day for two weeks. Finally, she put it aside, and revised it, as printed, in late August. A great lover of the out-of-doors, Margaret is majoring in botany and English.

Although Doris Sharpe and Nancy O'Brien have occasionally written for CORADDI, they both are breaking ground this year as joint humor editors. Doris indulges in a "higher type" humor in her article, *The Way of de Lawd*. Several years ago when "Green Pastures" was one of the leading motion pictures of the year, Doris' brother came home with *This Side of Jordan*. Soon the whole family was reading Roark Bradford's books, in their family circle. Later, Doris wrote a paper, *The Way of de Lawd*. "The books did not inspire me," declares Doris; "I wrote the thing under compulsion." Nancy O'Brien departs from her humorous outlook to appreciate Chinese artistry in "Shrine to Buddha."

To rummage around a department store is Sally Sieber's favorite pastime, and during one

of her rummages she conceived *The Red Mop*. Sally's story is an imaginative experience, but shortly after writing the story she ironically secured a job at the lisle stocking counter of a big department store.

"There's more to modern music than meets the soul of the mere jitterbug," says Helena Blue. All of you have protested against modern music and have said that you could not understand it. Helena gives you an answer on page 12. A similar article on modern art will appear in CORADDI soon.

This business of moving in and out of school has been a problem that has confounded even philosophers. This fall, while two thousand girls hustled back to Woman's College, Constance Sweeney stood guard and puzzled out the answer. Constance is a junior English major, already well known for her column in the campus newspaper.

CORADDI's business manager, Chris Allen, proved to be many-sided when she presented her article on the dress designer, Schiaparelli. A major in home economics journalism, Chris is already lining up a job in New York.

Cartoons are breaking into CORADDI for the first time; and Jean Hair, a junior art major, is responsible. Jean welcomed this opportunity to do cartoons, for she is planning a commercial art career.

Cover title: South America and North America, Good Neighbors in Trade and in School. Harold Smith, of the Art Shop, snapped Tony Portes, Woman's College student from Montevideo, Uruguay, with Privates George Oberlies and Harry Kratz of the 32d Ordnance Company, Fort Bragg, as they were stepping from our beloved "ruins" where the old training school formerly stood. Tony is an American literature major; the boys—not majors, yet.

STUDENTS IN NATIONAL DEFENSE

By Dean Harriet W. Elliott

These are days of crises. Here and now, in the span of our own lives, all the civilized world comes face to face with one of history's great divides. From here on we continue to develop and nourish a living democracy or, in a Nazi dominated world, live as though we had never known individual freedom and liberty.

It is wholly natural that you and I and people everywhere feel the need for taking part. But it is all important that each of us have the personal discipline to take that part we can do best.

For some of us that question—where can I work, what must I do—isn't always easy to answer; but for you young women in college the answer is clear. You are a chosen few. Your privileges are your responsibilities. The world has always needed trained women. The world of the near future will have an even greater need of you—you who know the arts, sciences and skills that are our heritage of culture.

There is one thing that we must not forget in the urgency of today's headlines. In the lives of nations, the present is not a brief moment between today and tomorrow. A decision of state, or a victory in battle, takes on reality only when it has been built into the lives of a people. If we build poorly, we could lose the peace even after winning the victory.

Upon you falls the job of winning the peace. Today you are in training for that job. Every class, every textbook, all the sciences, arts and crafts are the tools with which we must build that peace. They are in your hands. You take your role in today's conflict when you use those tools carefully, wisely and to their fullest. Your college work well done and you, yourself pre-

pared for leadership, are your greatest contributions.

This is the first and the most important need the nation has of you in these deeply disturbed days.

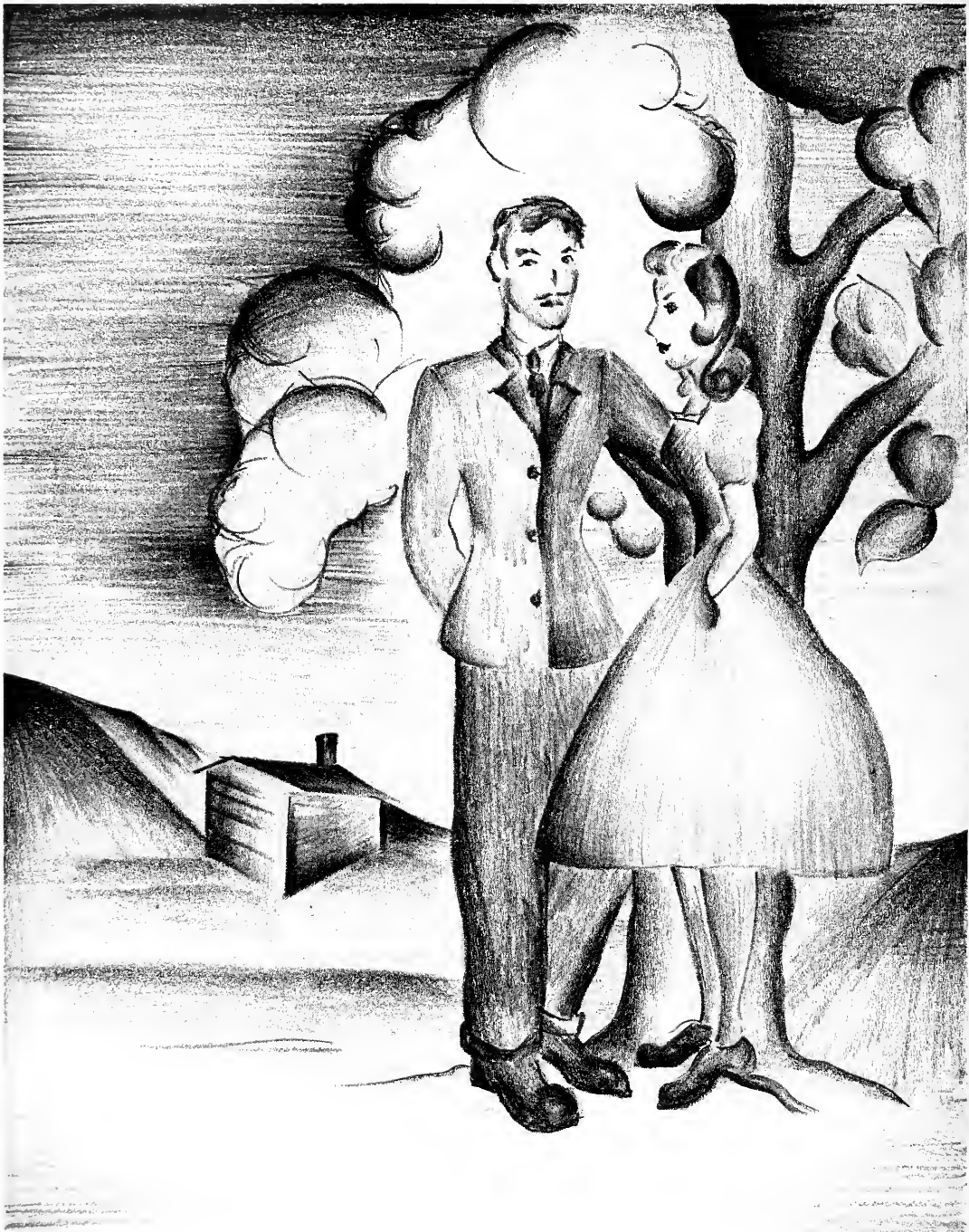
There are other needs, other contributions you can make day by day. First among them is the requirement to use all of our resources without any waste.

Our whole national economy is girded for the building of defense. Every claim or demand we make on our total productive system must be dictated by need, and all those things we need must be used efficiently. This campus, these buildings, your books, the library, your clothes, even your fountain pens are made of strategic defense materials; for all materials, all labor, all management are bound up in the vital task of out-producing Hitler's gigantic armament machine.

All of our resources, of course, are not material things. And the non-materials are equally important. Your leisure time can be a contribution to national defense. The efficiency with which you plan and follow individual routines, the care you take to see that your leisure builds you as an intellectual, emotional, and physical being—these, too, build today's defense and tomorrow's tools for building peace.

You are part of a great whole. You are acting in a great struggle. You can prepare for an important role not because you owe it to America: both the privileges you enjoy and this nation that made them possible are too big for such a quid pro quo. You are a living growing human being, and the challenge of these times calls forth your strength and richness.





Uprooted

By Margaret Jones

Dust whirled through the kitchen door and filtered across the patches of sunshine on the linoleum floor. Rona rubbed the back of her hand against her face and found it dry and rough. Outside the kitchen door, her petunias were wilted and twisted from the hot July sun.

Matt's tobacco was about ruined.

Each morning at breakfast, Matt said, "Be kereful how you use water today. The well's mighty low."

He was saying it this morning as he reached across the table and took the two largest biscuits.

"What we need ain't just a puny shower, but a real gulley-washer," he said.

Matt always talked about the weather at breakfast. For three years things had been just like this for her. But today there was a difference—a difference there within her—a difference that simmered like water on to boil. She found a satisfaction in Matt's not knowing that it was there.

Rona turned her head away from Matt and looked out the back door, across the yard, to the tall cherry tree. Dangling there on its lowest limb, writhing in the sunshine, was a black snake Matt had killed at the wood pile before breakfast.

It was like Matt to hang up a snake for rain. It was like Matt always to have faith in things. Hanging there on the cherry tree, the snake irritated her: it annoyed her that Matt should be so superstitious and so believing.

He was talking again. "We're priming Zeb's piece today. Ain't no place hotter in hell than them pine bottoms on days like these."

Tomorrow, she wouldn't care how hot it was on Zeb's piece. Tomorrow, the weather wouldn't matter.

Rona was busy all morning. The pigs got out into Matt's alfalfa. She had to take a bucket of clabber and call them back into the pen. She had to wash out Matt's overalls and can the tomatoes he had brought up from the field.

Steam rose from the dishpan of tomatoes bubbling on the stove. It drifted from the pan and caught in the wisps of hair hanging over Rona's ears. Her dress clung wet to her back.

She stirred the tomatoes and added salt to the snap beans. Matt always liked plenty of salt on his vegetables and plenty of sugar on his sweet potatoes. She opened the oven door and scattered lumps of brown sugar over the potatoes already simmering in syrup.

Around eleven o'clock, Rona decided to go out to the garden near the orchard and get some okra for dinner. Matt liked okra when he had snap beans. It would seem queer not cooking dinner for him tomorrow. Rona prided herself on her cooking. Matt had never praised her for her good meals, but once she heard him bragging to some men at a wheat thrashing.

"Nobody around here can cook biscuits like my Rona," he had said.

She took her big straw hat off the nail behind the stove and tied the strings under her chin. On the back porch, she picked up a basket, emptied the pea hulls in with some corn shucks, and stepped out into the yard.

Beyond the well rose the cherry tree. In May it hung heavy with black cherries—the like of which was nowhere around.

The tree towered so high that it made the yard black with shadow. It reached up to the sky as if it were not satisfied with growing in the dirt. Matt said that it reached too high for its own good, that a strong wind would blow it over some day.

(Continued on page 12)



new coraddi

COR-nelian, AD-elphian, DI-kean—CORADDI. Your CORADDI. Named before the evolution of the Aletheians, the name CORADDI stuck even after the appearance of our final literary society. The name has persisted despite changes in policy. For forty-five years, since March, 1897, the magazine has experienced a turn-over every fourth issue. Yet, the changes brought about by these turn-overs have been decidedly evolutionary. There have been jumps, but no leaps, no sudden and complete departures from precedent. Last March, on the eve of CORADDI's forty-fourth anniversary, you went to the polls; and after the manner in a democracy, you asked for a change, many changes in the magazine. This year CORADDI makes a leap.

Time has dissolved another waxprint. The blueprint for new CORADDI lies before you within these twenty pages—twenty pages constituting a miniature of this staff's dreams. With a severe cut in our advertising rate, we had the choice of giving you a miniature of our blueprint, or a normal-size of the old waxprint. You asked for the new CORADDI.

We want the magazine to speak for itself, for a formal statement of our total policy will at its best be inadequate. But to the concrete-minded we say that we stand for healthy open-mindedness and full representation of your interests. Our outlook will chiefly be to the present and to the future as they are grounded in the past.

Blueprints

Throughout this year, we will look toward our fiftieth anniversary; and in the spring we plan a special issue commemorating the occasion.

All-in-all, as we see it, this publication offers a challenge to every member of the Woman's College: namely, to exercise, but not to abuse, our precious right to freedom of speech and to individual creative expression. This challenge, in turn, suggests two duties: the duty of CORADDI to you, and your duty to CORADDI. We conceive our duty to be the reflection in good-mannered English of the thoughts, realistic, idealistic, and imaginative, of this total campus. Our literary standard is embodied in the advice Yeats' father gave him: "Write like a gentleman." We shall, nevertheless, fail in our duty without your co-operation. Your duty is simply this: contribute to the magazine.

the emergency powers of the president

Whether the legislative or executive principle will dominate the interpretation of the *Constitution* is, as we see it, the fundamental problem behind the discussion of the emergency powers granted under the Lease-Lend Act to the President of the United States. It is a big emergency that permits executive powers covering the command of factories, materials, transportation, ship-

and Waxprints



ping, communication, power, and all the various forms of industrial and commercial life. But we question whether it is strictly the "emergency" which has brought forth these new powers of our president. Have not the growth of and the amendments to our political and constitutional set-up—the rise of political parties, the breakdown of the Federal system, the growth of national unity, and evolution of our democracy—in addition to our own irresponsibleness been the fundamental causes of these powers, and the "emergency" just the excuse?

When our Fathers formulated the *Constitution*, they favored the concentration of power in the hands of the legislative body as opposed to the executive. Benjamin Franklin expressed the general fear of the Convention for the executive when he said: "There is a natural inclination in mankind to kingly government. I am apprehensive, therefore, perhaps too apprehensive, that the government of these States may in future times end in monarchy." From Washington to Roosevelt, there have come men who have taken tight hold of the reins of government. There was Washington who, completely on his own, issued a proclamation of neutrality; Jefferson who made the Louisiana Purchase for our nation; Lincoln who conceived ". . . that I may in an emergency do things on military grounds which cannot constitutionally be done by Congress"; Theodore Roosevelt who ". . . declined to adopt the view that what was imperatively necessary for the nation could not be done by the president unless he could find some specific authorization to do it"; Wilson who controlled the "domestic econ-

omy" of our country during the first World War; and now, Franklin D. Roosevelt who, upon being granted the new emergency powers, declared: "In the hands of a people's government this power is wholesome and proper . . . (but in bad hands) would provide shackles for the liberties of people." In our opinion, these presidents have been able to assume much power at various times because our Congress, at various times, has not measured up to the foreign and domestic crises that have confronted it. It has placed personal and party differences before national unity. It would not be impossible to put aside minor differences to consider only the good for the total body. At the pre-school conference on our own Woman's College campus this September, some hundred-odd persons put aside their biases and prejudices and looked only toward What Is Best for the Group. Throughout American history, Congress, in nearly every crisis, has abused its precious right to freedom of speech. Jealousy bore the filibuster; the filibuster brought a demand from the people that the President assume a power here, and a power there until finally, if Congress does not use wisely its greatest right, it will eventually become a mere figurehead.

As we see it, the emergency powers of our president can, but need not, serve as our induction into the "order of the day"—dictatorship. The legislative principle should predominate, for the legislature is the representative of the people. Yet the legislative principle will crumble before the executive principle if Congressmen cast aside all concept of national unity and refuse to regard theirs as a *responsible* freedom of speech.

THE WAY OF DE LAWD

(As shown by the characters in Roark Bradford's books*)

By Doris Sharpe

When de Lawd walked the earth in the evening, the grass he had stepped on lifted at night and hid his steps from the eyes of men. "And efn I told you ev' ything I know, well, den, you'd know as much as me," said de Lawd.

Those who pondered the ways of de Lawd decided that he had not made his religion a morality. De Lawd liked for his people to have a good time, but he wanted them to act like Christians. "A heap er times I kin shet my eyes and look de yuther way when fo'ks is pleasin' about. But I'm ag'in sin, 'cause sin is bad," said de Lawd. He never tried to make the Christians long-faced. "De Hebrew chilluns was jest like anybody else's chilluns." David would spend an evening with Miz Conkybine before finishing a sermon on sin. The preacher Boaz had his love affairs in spite of de Lawd's objections. "I bet efn de Lawd knowed I was passin' remarks wid dat good-lookin' widdler woman," he said, "well, I bet he'd be powerful mad, 'cause sposin' I up and married her, I bet ev'y lastin' one er de young gals'd quit church!"

But at other times a worldly morality was considered more important than the work of de Lawd. De Lawd warned Mordecai not to break the law; and when Daniel would have been put in jail for prophecies, de Lawd told him not to prophesy. "Hit'd only git you a hard name to git in jail." When de Lawd said he liked David, the people said he had nine wives. "And dat's a sin," they said. "And a shame, too," said de Lawd.

The chief difference between a Christian and a sinner was the person's opinion of himself. Sometimes the person could hardly decide, and he would change back and forth, a Christian one week and a sinner the next. Usually the Christians wanted to help de Lawd by singing hymns and influencing sinners to join the church, and the sinners wanted to have a good time. There were "big-mouf" Christians and working Christians. And there were two kinds of sinners: "sinners which was sinners jest 'cause dey ain't j'ined de church" and "sinners which was pyore, low-down, snake-in-de-grassin' sinners which had jest as soon kill you as look at you." A sinner had only to join the church to become Christian, and for a man to change from Christian to sinner "all he had to do was to quit goin' to church and start runnin' around." Plantation owners profited by the rivalry between the Christians and the sinners among their slaves by having cotton picking contests between the two sides. The Christians and the sinners also vied in teaching their

children. A sinner would teach his children to be respectful to jaybirds, who changed to men on Saturday, by saying, "Hy-dy, Mister Jaybird! How do you do?" The Christian children were taught that the jaybird carried a grain of sand to hell every Friday and told Satan about ill-mannered children. They were taught to say, "Jaybird, jaybird, bow my haid. Flyin' on to hell wid yo' grain of sand." In church the Christians sat on the right side, and the sinners sat on the left. Christians could not attend "good-times" at the homes of sinners; sinners could not attend "good-times" at the homes of Christians. "Good-times" were held, therefore, at the home of one "by profession neither Christian nor sinner." At the "good-times" Christians marched, and sinners danced.

De Lawd and Mordecai used many schemes to make Christians of the sinners. "I ain't de kind er man to go out and beg fo'ks to jine my church," said de Lawd; but he caused the king to fall in love with Esther, who would not marry him because she was afraid to marry a sinner. The king became a Christian and married Esther. In regenerating Bald'in County, Mordecai touched the sinners with the hot end of his cigar. The sinner would say that the cigar hurt him.

"Well, well," say Mordecai, 'is dat a fack? I didn't knowed dat. I allus thought hit didn't hurt a sinner to git burnt.'

(Continued on page 19)



*This Side of Jordan (1929); Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys (1930); Kingdom Coming (1933).



Shrine to Buddha

*O, Cliff of the Virgin Fairy
Rose colored 'gainst the sky,
What minor echoes carry
And float to the world on high?*

*See the Chinese temples crouching,
The pagodas reaching up,
And the jade-green river flowing
In the rice field-valley cup.*

*What famous Chinese poet
Or Artist here has stood
And tried in part to show it,
A classic if he could?*

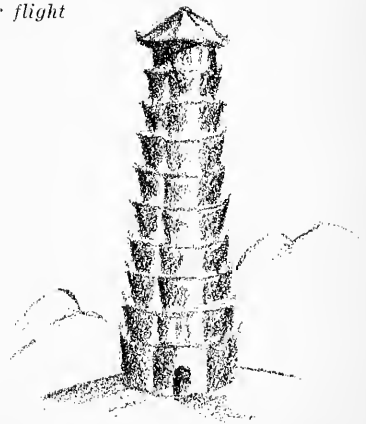
*Through the lace of the bamboo foliage,
With the sunlight on your walls,
Have they gazed, these men of knowledge,
At erupting water-falls?*

*What pilgrim here has lingered
In the room of the Pole Star Cave,
And the Buddha's image fingered
And praised for the rest you save?*

*What monk has stood on the flower bridge
And watched dwarfed birds that fly,
And has traced with his eyes, their flight
to the ridge
Of the peak of the azure sky?*

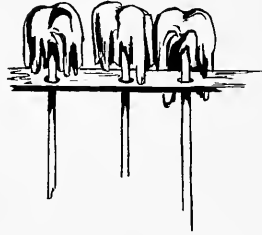
*Tall monument to sanctity,
In you does Buddha dwell?
That you should lift in majesty
Your head to guard him well?*

*By
Nancy
O'Brien*



THE RED MOP

By Sally Sieber



This is the story of Matilda Moore, who dyed her hair red. When you hear of the trouble it caused her, you will agree with me that women suffer for beauty.

Everything started when Matilda sighed an extra deep sigh as she ran her comb through her frizzled locks one rainy morning. Her hair was a drab, mousey color—not gold, nor brown, not black, nor red, but the nondescript color of the lisle stockings she sold every day in William's Department Store basement.

"This will never do," said Matilda, "even if I am forty." So she gritted her false teeth in determination and got into action. First she called up the store and asked for the day off to go to her aunt's funeral. She blushed as she hung up the receiver, for it was the first lie she had deliberately told in over twenty years.

Next, Matilda shook the china vase on her dresser, showering out the pennies, nickels, and dimes she had been saving for new bedroom curtains. She tied up all the coins in a cotton handkerchief. Then she put on her old black hat and her galoshes and marched resolutely under her big umbrella to the nearest beauty parlor.

"I want two packages of your red hair dye," Matilda told the beauty operator, and added uneasily, "for my niece." Blushing again, she untied the knot in her handkerchief, and counted out a multitude of coins into the girl's hand.

The next morning Matilda Moore sighed several deep sighs as she combed her hair; for her hair was such a crimson red, such a bright crimson red, that she had to squint to look at it in the mirror. "I should have read the directions," Matilda sobbed. But as she was almost late for work, she brushed away her tears and slipped into a plain black dress to make herself as obscure as possible.

In the store, the young sales girls whispered and tittered as Matilda went by. Pretending not to notice them, Matilda hurried swiftly on, her head like a red torch held high. When she reached her counter, Matilda found a note from the man-

ager asking her to substitute for a week in the household goods department. As she took her place, her fraught nerves reached the breaking point, for behind the counter were fifty mops lined up in a row—red mops with black handles; and they looked like—oh, horribly like—Matilda.

"I will not be a stand-in for a floor mop all week," thought Matilda. Her one thought was to get rid of the mops as quickly as possible—to sell them off, to buy them, or to give them away. She coaxed her customers, she begged, she pleaded, she inveigled, she bribed. She sold seven mops in the next hour. She became a high-pressure saleswoman. People came for lineoleum, went off with mops; they came for thermos bottles and bought mops; they came for light bulbs and went home with mops; they came for bath mats and took mops instead. By noon Matilda had sold all but two. These she paid for herself, and put under the counter with a sigh of relief.

At closing time, Mr. Riggs, the manager, strode toward Matilda, and carefully keeping his eyes off her flame-colored tresses, said, "Miss Moore, because of the amazing amount of sales you have made today, we consider you suited to fill a permanent place upstairs in our ladies' ready-to-wear."

At this point, Matilda broke down and sobbed her heart out on the embarrassed Mr. Riggs' shoulder. "There, there," said Mr. Riggs, patting Matilda with one hand, and picking her long red hairs off his coat with the other.

When Matilda got home that night, she took a bar of laundry soap, and she washed and washed her hair till she got nearly all of the red out of it. Then she brushed it, and then she washed it some more.

As Matilda combed her hair the next morning, she smiled; for she had a new job with a raise, and furthermore, her hair was a nice, quiet color—not gold, nor brown, nor black, nor red—but the soft color of the lisle stockings in William's Department Store basement.

Oil for the Wheels



BOOKS

BETWEEN THE ACTS. By Virginia Woolf. 219 pages. Harcourt, Brace, New York. \$2.50.

The summer of 1939, that entr'acte in history, is the time during which *Between The Acts* takes place. In this volume, unrevised and published only six months after her death, Mrs. Woolf observes a group of people at an English country house as they watch a villagers' pageant.

The style, that style which only Virginia Woolf could make real, is the same selective stream of consciousness that was presented so skillfully in *To The Lighthouse*. This volume is poignant, first, because of the subject matter, and, second, because of the skill which Mrs. Woolf displays in checking sensations before they accumulate and thus lose their sharpness. It is this ability to handle sensations that has made Virginia Woolf a master of the abstruse style.

* * * *

CAROLINA FOLK PLAYS. Edited by Prof. Frederick H. Koch. 493 pages. Henry Holt and Company, New York. \$3.50.

"During the twenty years that have elapsed since that day of exciting beginnings," states Dr. Archibald Henderson in his foreword to *American Folk Plays*, "Koch has become an American classic. Not that I mean he is, as the darky says, 'powerful old'; I mean," Dr. Henderson continues, "that he is 'powerful young' (exactly my own age, and so, indubitably young!), and the witness of his own immortality. He was once introduced to an audience at the University of Michigan by James Holly Hanford, a former colleague, as a 'monomaniac.' 'This monomaniac's obsession,' explained Hanford, 'was faith in the fantastic plan of trying to induce Americans to write their own drama. The real point of the joke,' Mr. Hanford told his audience, 'is that Fred has actually succeeded.'"

Ample proof that "Proff," as he was originally named by Paul Green and is now addressed by his students and his friends, has succeeded is the re-

cent publication of the *Carolina Folk Plays*. "Proff," as editor, has selected for this illustrated volume all of the one-act plays which originally appeared in "The Carolina Folk Plays" trilogy. Thomas Wolfe, North Carolina's great novelist, is represented by two of his earlier plays, "The Return of Buck Gavin," written and produced for the first time in Chapel Hill, and "The Third Night," less popular but not less pleasing than the former drama. Thomas Wolfe himself took a part in the original production of "The Return of Buck Gavin," and appeared, along with Jonathan Daniels and Fred Cohn, in "The Third Night."

Other writers, now famous in their own right, who are represented in this volume are Paul Green and Erma Green, Lucy M. Cobb, Loretto Carroll Bailey, Margaret Bland, Gertrude Wilson Coffin, Douglas MacMillan, Elizabeth A. Lay (now Mrs. Paul Green), Wilbur Stout, Hubert Heffner, Harold Williamson, Frances Gray, and William Norment Cox.

In the introduction to *Carolina Folk Plays*, "Proff" sketches the history and the purpose of the Carolina Playmakers. This group, dedicated to the portrayal of life about them and life as they know it, has been proclaimed one of the foremost bands of their kind in America. To the University of North Carolina, home of the Playmakers, "Proff" Koch and his group of writers, actors, and directors have brought great acclaim. Their efforts to make the drama that comes out of North Carolina a drama of the earth and those who live close to it have not been unsuccessful. *Carolina Folk Plays*, a volume which, to be sure, contains only a small number of the numerous, first-rate Carolina plays, bears witness to the fact that not a little of the authentic honesty of American drama is due to "Proff" Koch and his Carolina Playmakers.

Ruth Heffner

MUSIC—1941

1941—Machines, airplanes, war, uncertainty, doubt, turmoil! These are stark days, but still we shall have music! This period is producing music which is typically a part of it, but modern youth refuses to accept it because it does suggest chaos.

We like to be modern, progressive; but musically we cling to past eras, refuse to look at our surroundings and at the future.

The music of every age has been modern. Beethoven was considered an extremist in his day; now we say that he wrote in the style of his period. Bach's music very definitely belongs to the period in which he lived, just as Mozart's belongs to rococo architecture and drawing-room minuets. If former composers had not written of the period in which they lived, they would not have been great. Each period reaches a climax in one or more composers, and music produced afterward in that idiom is superfluous.

There have been four definite musical eras: the classic, or objective, of which Bach was typical; the romantic, which brought the individualized stylists like Schumann; the impressionistic, as seen in Debussy; and today the expressionistic which tends again toward the objective or classic. It is in the period since the first World War that the expressionist school has been formed and developed. It reflects chaos, uncertainty, eagerness, groping for new ideas.

The content of music has always been intangible, a matter of philosophical discussion. Sound in itself has no meaning. It is only as the individual ear hears and gives interpretation that understanding comes. As the critic listens, he begins to grasp the composer's meaning, whether it be subjective or objective.

A musician borrows idioms in the same manner that we coin foreign words; but he puts his own individuality into the idiom, so that it becomes a part of himself. Bach borrowed from all of his predecessors, but his work has his own stamp. His sense of design overpowered all content.

The modern audience is looking for something it recognizes. It is only by the reiteration of a design that the mind grasps the meaning of a work, or type of work.

And what of beauty in this modern music? Who is to say what is beautiful and what is not? Some find beauty in truth, others truth in beauty. There are no eternal values by which we can judge what is good and what is bad—except through a sense of design. We feel a modern tempo, but we do not accept the so-called dissonances because they are new to our ears. The ear is slow to change: it holds on to what has been learned. Listening is necessary—the ear must become accustomed to the new combination of sounds.

The modern world is producing great literature, great art, great music. Much of it will be immortal. What modern composers need is a chance to present music as a part of this day. Bach and Beethoven wrote so prolifically that they

established their personalities. Present-day composers need the opportunities to do likewise.

The would-be critic needs to approach music through literature and the other arts because they are parallel. A real musician reads music as he does a book. He is forever seeking something new, not always reading old books over and over.

The "Ballad for Americans" by Earl Robinson and John Latouche is one of the best examples of the kind of thing composers of this day are doing. Theirs is a very stirring cantata, thoroughly modern and quite patriotic. Other sources are Aaron Copeland, Ernst Krenek, Paul Hindemith, Roy Harris, Hunter Johnson. Their writing is in harmony with the attitude of modern youth. It expresses an ability to accept life as a challenge—not to succumb to distressing conditions. It is chaotic, turbulent, passionate in the sense that the whole war-torn world is. Listen! Then deny if you can that the music of our day is gallant.

—*Helena Blue.*

Uprooted

(Continued from page 5)

Matt thought about the queerest things—like hanging up that snake for rain. She set her vegetable basket down on the ground. With a quickened step, she walked over to the well to get the hoe where Matt had left it. With a swift jerk of the hoe, she took the snake down and flung it far out behind the chicken house. The chickens cackled in alarm and then became strangely quiet.

Rona stood very still under the cherry tree and looked up through the branches. Several leaves were turning yellow. She let her hand, red and rough from work, pass over the gray bark. Under the tree it was shady; and Rona shut her eyes for a second.

She repeated his name softly to herself. "Millard—Millard—"

She liked to whisper his name. It tingled within her like water bubbling from the spring behind the house. She liked to think about Millard. Remembering him took her away from the hot, dry day. It took her away from Matt, wanting rain.

She leaned against the cherry tree and remembered—as she often did—how Millard had smelled that night. He didn't smell tobacco-gummy or sweaty like Matt—but kind of store-bought, like new cloth or a new broom. And he smoked a cigar instead of chewing tobacco like Matt.

It was in May after the square dance at the school house that she had seen Millard again. Matt had been tired from plowing corn and had left her alone. Millard had asked to bring her home.

He had kissed her under the cherry tree.

It was queer how he had kissed her—careful like, and then with assurance. Something had swept through her like wind racing through pine trees. She had pushed him away quickly.

Cherry blossoms had sifted down between them like flour on the pantry floor.

"There's absolutely nothing like you in town, Rona," Millard had said.

"There's a lilt to your walk and a certain way you turn your head that doesn't belong to this, Rona. You'll never get anywhere here. Matt just isn't your kind."

(Continued on page 16)

HUMOR

PRELUDE TO GREATER UNIVERSITY DAY

*He was a phantom of delight
When first he burst upon my sight,
A startling apparition, sent
To be our team's great ornament.
Above his brow and awful stare,
Like midnight rose his flowing hair,
A figure padded, muddy, huge,
With high socks and spiked shoes,
A perfect tackler, nobly planned,
With muscle, nerve, and lots of sand.*

—Exchange from THE EASTERNER as reprinted in our college magazine (February, 1898).

An Ounce of Prevention

Girls, it really isn't necessary to have so much confusion when you get ready to leave school in June. It's a simple process if you start in plenty of time (say September, or October at the latest) and begin packing things away. The rest of this little bit of friendly advice (which may be taken for what it's worth without much effect on the world market) is addressed to Dad, poor fellow, who must, by this time, be ready for some helpful suggestions on next year's pilgrimage.

When you arrive on the campus in the fall, Dad, drive your car in backwards so that you will be ready to get away in a hurry. Do you have it almost unloaded now? If you do, you're way ahead; begin loading up again so as not to become bored. All right, is everybody unpacked? Now pick up the smallest bundles you can find. They are always hardest to manage, and the women can carry those big boxes of shoes and books. Go in the side door, and as soon as you reach the third floor, go back downstairs and pick up the things you dropped. By the time you have climbed to the top again, Susie will have found that she has the wrong key and will have to go back down and chat with the counselor. Go ahead and put your boxes on the floor. You can pick them up again when she gets back and pretend you were standing there holding them all the time.

As soon as you are inside the room, you can suggest going down for another load. Maybe no one will hear you. If you work it right, you can manage to be supervisor and just criticize the others.

At any rate, now comes the important part of this plan. You have all the bundles from the car upstairs (isn't that silly, the car upstairs?), and you have gone down to the basement and brought up everything from the trunk that arrived the day before. Everything is lying on the beds, desk, chairs, floor, and out the window. In case you suddenly discover that no one is noticing you any more (which is unusual only in that there is still work to be done), just begin to shout "Peanuts, popcorn, and candy!" and somebody will surely dig you out. Oh, there you are.

Now take the initiative. Tell the women firmly that you have an idea about how to make their

work easier in the spring. Tell them to take all the pictures and put them on the wall, hang the curtains, make up the beds, spread the rugs, and then sit down and look at the result for thirty or forty minutes. After Susie has the whole layout fixed in her mind, let them begin to take things down and pack up again. Put the pictures back in their boxes, bedspreads and sheets in a pile, and take everything that came out of the trunk and carry it down and put it back in. Load up the boxes that go in the car and store them away in the back of the closet.

As soon as everything is put back the way it came, your job is done. You can go down and sit in the car and rest while the women wrangle over whether Susie will go back in the car with you, or stay in Greensboro for the change of air. If she decides to go, you can load up the car again and leave town nine months ahead of everybody else. There's just one disadvantage. Susie would miss the experience of dormitory life. But, after all, she should be willing to make some small sacrifice after you've worn yourself to a frazzle trying to get her educated.

Constance Sweeney

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THIS *Shocking*



When an old nightgown and a great deal of modern ingenuity get together, fashion critics have something to rave about. Last fall that something was Schiaparelli's sloping shoulder-line. "She's done it again," they said; and she had. It is with this never-failing "daring, originality, and ingenuity" that Schiaparelli shocks the world and remains on the throne of the ten leading couturieres.

Mademoiselle Schiaparelli (pronounced Skaparelli) began her career years ago with a black and white sweater. Encouraged by her companion poets and sculpturers, she made more sweaters—original, charming, chic—such as Paris and the rest of the continent had never seen.

The daughter of a Roman college professor, Schiaparelli was educated in excellent schools; but she early left her native Italy to join other young artists in Paris. Undaunted by poverty, she determined to pursue her painting and her sculpture. Living now on the Left Bank of the Seine, now in Greenwich Village, she wrote poetry, read modern books in French, Italian, English, German, and studied art. Then one uneventful day she made her fateful sweater and developed into the most Parisian of Parisiennes.

"Quite a jump from painting and poetry to dressmaking," she says. "A portrait painter must make people as they think they look, and a dressmaker has to make them look as she thinks they ought to. I don't know which of the two jobs is the harder."

Of small stature, less than five feet tall, Mademoiselle Schiaparelli retains the litheness and contours of a young girl even though she is in or near her fifties. Simplicity is the key to her entire make-up. Brushed up from the back and sides of her head, her black hair is swept into high rolls, which seem to be placed with little care, but which, actually, are arranged with fastidious attention to neatness and becomingness. Her heavy-lidded eyes are dark. Her full, beautifully shaped lips are covered with her only habitual make-up. "I hate rouge," she says. "I feel that a young woman does not need it, and an old one should avoid it. Some of them, too, have their hair dyed. This never helps any woman. The old ones who use dye do not seem to realize that it makes them look hard and older; gray hair softens wrinkles." Usually Schiaparelli's gowns are of undisturbed color and trim lines with the placidity broken only by a precious jeweled ornament, one of her seventy-thousand dollar collection. Her graceful hands are tipped with fingernails colored with glaze—

always coral with her inevitable black daytime dresses. But all of Schiaparelli's wit, her amusing eccentricities are typified in her finely molded nose that unexpectedly tilts at the tip.

Famous for her simple, tailored clothes, her delightful jewelry, Mademoiselle Schiaparelli has in recent years established Schiaparelli Parfum Incorporated. In her inimitable manner, she created "Shocking," and enclosed this light fragrance in a dressmaker's form with a giant red heart pierced on the right side of the bottle. One of her newer scents she calls "Snuff," a masculine perfume which boasts a glass pipe for a container. "Sleeping de Schiaparelli" sells itself with the advertisement: "fatefully—as the moth to the flame, you are drawn to Schiaparelli's night perfume, Sleeping. Dreams distilled from rapture—their essence captured in a crystal candlestick."

Employed in Schiaparelli's Parfum Incorporated is Schiaparelli's daughter, Marisa, affectionately known as Gogo, who procured her nickname in infancy by intelligently voicing her presence in the world for the first time with that combination of syllables. And like her amazing Mother, Gogo has studied sculpture, traveled the roads, and rivers, and airways of Europe and the United States; and going a step ahead of her Mother, she has even driven an ambulance in France during the first months of the Second World War.

Aside from her Parfum Incorporated, Schiaparelli owns a nationwide mansion de couture, which is now being run by a skeleton crew in Paris. These faithful midinettes understood Schiaparelli as a woman of tremendous driving force who allowed no laggards. They knew her to be the hardest worker of them all, and they glorified in emulating her zest for life, and her love for simplicity and quality. Now their distress and misfortune are a shadow in the happiness of Mademoiselle, and the money which she has recently been able to dispatch to them, Schiaparelli hopes will in some way alleviate their trials.

With sympathy Mademoiselle carries a sense of justice and courage which few women would dare to display. When King George V's son, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, married Lady Alice Christabel Montagu-Douglas-Scott in November, 1935, Schiaparelli thrust her case concerning the wedding dress before the British Court of Appeals, and made it the subject of a lawsuit during the actual marriage ceremony. The Court of Appeals managed to quiet her protests during the wedding breakfast by reserving judgment. After a few days, however, the suit was continued. Schiaparelli was upholding a contract which she had with Monsieur Cezard, a former cutter of her house who had agreed not to cut for a competitor for six months after he left her firm. But Lady Alice's wedding gown, made of an ivory pink material called crepe, had been cut by Cezard under British employ. Her suit was upheld by the court.

Before France fell, Mademoiselle Schiaparelli solved the problem of where to live, in Paris or in London, by establishing a home in both cities. In 1934, she moved into

SCHIAPARELLI

By Christine Allen

a flat in an eighteenth century garden mansion on the elegant Rue Barget-de-Jouy. Her unique and altogether startling living room she furnished with a giant, orange leather sofa and a host of small informal chairs covered with quilted chintz in canary yellow and milk-white. Her walls were white, and heavy, robe-like, white drapes hung at the windows. The mixed and inharmonious colors were stimulating because of the unique and whimsical character of their mistress.

The bedroom was altogether nocturnal with chicory-blue, crinkled crepe curtains, bedcover, and chair covers. Unpainted, light wood furniture offered contrast. The mirror of the *poudreuse* by Jean Michel-Frank was mounted on black bronze.

Intolerant of lengthy dinners, Schiaparelli dined in an antechamber off the large white *boiserie* entry hall, on small portable tables. She combined colored naperies with table decorations in real coral or in porcelain imitating shell. Her milk-white, parchment-covered desk was the feature of her little study, where she was usually joined by an elderly black dachshund adorned with a pink collar.

In her London apartment, the axis of Schiaparelli's unpretentious life across the Channel, the walls of the two rooms were tinted a cool ice blue. The blue, quilted, chintz-covered divan, she designed herself; and propped in one corner, she did much of her work: telephoning, dictating, receiving, and designing. The floor-length curtains were of plain sailcloth, and the sash curtains underneath were made of *tarlatan*. A painted screen behind the sofa is the only splotch of characteristic brilliant color. Two white columns conceal indirect lighting; and embodying the whole friendliness and sincerity of the lady of the house, wooden bowls of *pot-pourri* and glass vases of madonna lilies stand everywhere.

In her two months' tour of the United States, Schiaparelli gave many talks built around a basic lecture on women and clothes, and life at the present moment. Mrs. Hortense MacDonald, *Mademoiselle's* executive secretary, says that Schiaparelli is a "timid lecturer unless she feels at home. She feels at home when she considers her audience interested in what she is talking about." And then, Mrs. MacDonald adds, "She's awfully good."

"As a rule, I think that the American woman is inclined to like fussy clothes," Schiaparelli told S. J. Woolf in his interview of her. "There are no women in the world so beautiful as those in this country, but instead of making the most of themselves, they often spoil their natural advantages. A woman with a good figure thinks she can improve it by draping dead animals on herself.

"Of all the American clothes I think those made for sports are the best. They are really smart, but too often the shoes which go with them are not made simple enough, and what might otherwise be a perfect ensemble is spoiled by an inharmonious touch.

"I believe in a strict neatness about both day and evening clothes, their simple lines accentuated by an original touch. A neckline can make or spoil a dress: amusing pockets can add distinction to the simplest jacket.

"When I design a dress, I think of what would be becoming and at the same time practical and comfortable. We are living in a practical era. The clothes of women who were carried about in sedan chairs have no place in an age of streamlined automobiles and chromium furniture.

"Architecture has come to believe that what is not structural is generally not necessary. Our clothes must fit in with this idea. Even the gadgets—I think that is what you call them—the clips, the buttons, and the buckles, besides looking well, should serve some useful purpose.

"When will women learn that it is better to be smart than fashionable, and that smartness makes fashion," Schiaparelli wonders. "Women are so afraid of wearing something which does not look like the last word that they put on things which do not become them because they have read they were the vogue or have seen them worn by manikins on whom they were appropriate.

"The woman in the worst possible taste is the woman who dresses to look pretty. Women should dress to look smart, not to look pretty. Smartness is in the wearing as well as in the design. The smart woman and her gown have to marry. If she wants to be well dressed, let her buy few dresses and very good dresses."

(Continued on page 20)



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Uprooted

(Continued from page 12)

She had resented Millard's saying that then. She hadn't thought she could leave Matt.

Rona couldn't sleep for nights after that. She told Matt she thought it was her malaria fever again. Tossing and tumbling, she wondered if Matt were her kind, after all. She wondered what it would be like to live in a city, and she thought about Millard.

She hadn't married Matt for love. She had married him because her mother had said, "Marry him, Rona, if you know what's good for you. Matt's a good man, and good men are mighty hard to find."

She had married Matt because she wanted security and children. Now she wasn't sure that security was enough. There were no children.

Matt had never been romantic like Millard, but sometimes he was nice in a gruff sort of way. One day he bought her a flowered, red chiffon dress in town. She laughed softly now as she remembered how he had fumbled and blushed when he gave it to her.

And now she was going away—away from the farm—and away from Matt—

At the garden, Rona cut the okra with quick slashes of the butcher knife. She threw away some cucumbers which had turned yellow and grown big on the vines. The July sun had scorched the tomatoes and ruined them for canning. The dirt burned hot through the soles of her shoes. She thought about Matt, pulling tobacco in the pine bottoms.

Rona had just stuck a fork in the okra to see if it were tender when she heard the tobacco slide going by in front of the house. Zeb and Matt were bringing in the last slide before dinner. They brought the mules up into the back yard to the water trough. The harnesses jangled; and the mules snorted into the water from the pump.

She heard Matt say, "If this priming don't cure up better'n that one last week, we're wasting our time pulling it, I guess."

"Yas suh," said the negro.

Somehow, people never talked back to Matt.

When Matt came into the kitchen, Rona had dinner on the table. He went over to the kitchen sink and washed off the tobacco gum. The grime ran down his arms. He wiped it off on Rona's towel.

At the table, Matt served himself big helpings and gulped down the golden baked corn bread, hot from the oven. He propped his knife against the edge of his plate and scarcely looked at Rona.

Rona didn't eat much. Once or twice she stared across the steaming vegetables at Matt. The sun-wrinkles in his face met in a pattern of strength and resignation.

Once during dinner, she dropped her fork on the floor. It rattled against the table leg. Matt glanced up from his plate.

For a second their glances met, and she was caught by something that held her with the sureness of a plow line in Matt's hands.

Rona was standing at the stove scooping up the tomatoes and packing them into steaming quart jars when Matt was leaving for the fields. Before going out the kitchen door, he paused behind her. She felt his eyes following the line of her hair and the curves of her hips. He reached out a hand to touch her—clumsily. She stepped nearer the stove and out of his reach.

The back porch door slammed. Matt was gone.

Rona moved to the kitchen window. She watched Matt slop the pigs and throw hunks of corn bread to the hounds. Then he sat down under the oak tree to wait for Zeb. He spit straight lines of tobacco juice at the flies and bees that hovered near a piece of watermelon rind.

She went back to canning tomatoes. She felt kind of dead to Matt—like crab grass that had been ploughed under.

It was the middle of the afternoon before Rona had finished washing the dishes and had hung up the dish pan in the pantry. She spread the dish rag on the edge of the sink to dry.

(Continued on page 18)

It's an old W. C. Tradition . .

—for the better dressed students to look to BROWNHILL'S—for those clothes and accessories that instantly establish one's reputation for individuality.

These BROWNHILL fashions were photographed at Winfield Hall, W. C. U. N. C. by Student Carol Allen of Warehouse Point, Conn. who also developed and printed these shots.



- *Above Left*—Senior Peggy Wallace of Newark, N. J., in a Fireman red corduroy frock (\$17.95) with matching red knitted calot and bag (both for \$5.00).
- *Above Right*—Catherine Palmer, class of '42, in a Brownhill needlepoint wool coat with Leopard (\$69.00), the matching hat (\$7.50).
- *Lower Left*—Senior Frances Henning, Albe-marle, in a Brownhill three-piece costume (\$85.00).
- *Lower Right*—Christine Allen of Greensboro, class of '42, in a Brownhill frock of R.A.F. blue French jersey (\$10.95) carrying red tweed reefer (\$25.00).

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Uprooted

(Continued from page 18)

In her bedroom she lay down across the bed. Later on, she thought, she would go pick some vegetables for dinner tomorrow. The air was heavy and dry. A fly buzzed across the bed and crawled listlessly on the sheets.

From her room she could see the limbs of the cherry tree. She liked to shut her eyes and know it was there. Matt had not slept at the house for three nights now. He had been staying at the barn curing tobacco. When Matt wasn't there, she lay awake and listened to the strange noises of the cherry tree. There was a murmur in the swish of its limbs at night. It reminded her—

When she awoke, the clock on the mantel was striking five. She had slept two hours. Her dress was damp, and her body felt parched where sweat had dried in little patches. Thunder roared in the distance and echoed through the house. She heard the wind rising in the trees down by the orchard. She heard it racing across the corn field in front of the house. Then it tore through the cherry tree, bending and beating its limbs in the maddest kind of way. The movement sounded dry and hollow.

Rona sat up and ran her hand down the edge of the bed to her shoes. She put them on, and her fingers got tangled in the strings when she tied them.

She ran up the steps to pull down the upstairs' windows. The curtain blew out into her face as she struggled with the heavy sashes. Back downstairs she fastened the front doors. Whirls of dust blew into the house.

She dashed out to the back yard. She ran the chickens into the chicken house and shut the door. The knob slipped between her fingers. The chickens clucked and ruffled their feathers in surprise. On the way back to the house, she stumbled over a milk pail that rolled around in a whirl of wind. Drops of rain fell like bullets and spattered dust at her feet. She snatched Matt's overalls from the clothes line as she passed.

Rona stumbled into the kitchen and slammed the door behind her. Standing there with her back to the door, she felt her whole body tremble with the storm. The windows clattered and shook in their frames. She was afraid—afraid as she had never been before. Afraid that it might hail as it did the first year she and Matt were married. Afraid that there might be a tornado. Afraid the roof of the house might be blown off—or afraid that something might happen to Matt down in the pine bottoms.

It didn't matter if Matt chewed tobacco, or smelled like fertilizer, or cussed at the tenants and the mules. Matt was her husband. For three years she had slept in the same bed with him. Last year there had been a good crop of tobacco. She wanted Matt, and she wanted some children.

She closed her eyes, clinched the door knob, and prayed that Matt would come back to her, prayed that they might have some children, prayed that life would be good here on the farm for her and Matt.

There was a blast, a trembling, and a terrific crash. There was a ripping, and a tearing—and a silence. Only the pounding of the rain on the tin roof.

It seemed years before Rona found that she could move across the kitchen to the window. Yet her body felt possessed with a strange kind of rhythm—a rhythm that tangled within her and whirled around.

She looked out the window. Stretched across the yard, its roots twining up into the air, its limbs torn and broken, was the cherry tree. The cherry tree—she was suddenly glad—and weak.

That night after supper, Rona was sitting on the front porch in the dark shelling peas into a newspaper. There was a clean, washed smell about everything. Things could grow now. Rona sat very still and leaned against the cane-bottom chair. Rain frogs were croaking in the hollow.

Matt came out on the porch and sat down awkwardly at her feet. He was chewing tobacco, and he smelled like sweaty mules and colored men. He reached one hand out and touched her ankle. It made her feel alive.

"Well, the cherry tree's down fer good this time. Never been another like her in these part—a strange kind of tree. But she's gone fer good this time. Torn up by her roots."

"Yes, I reckon so," said Rona.

THE WAY OF DE LAWD

(Continued from page 8)

"What bein' a sinner got to do wid hit?"
 "Nothin'," say Mordecai, "only all de sinners gits put down yonder in hell wid all dat broomstone and fire and stuff."

"Sho' nuff?" say de sinner. "Do broomstone burn?"

"Make you pyore sizzle," say Mordecai. "Hotter'n a hickory-chunk fire."

"Well, I be dog," say de sinner. "I'm gonter quit bein' a sinner and jine de church, 'cause I jest can't stand to git burnt!"

A pickaninny compared the struggle between Christians and sinners to chip-base, a game in which two sides lined up. Each side stole chips from a ring. Anyone caught stood in the ring until someone on his side touched him. In her conception the people were the chips; and each side had only two players, on one side God and de Lawd, on the other Satan and the devil. De Lawd was God's "head man," and God owned everything. "His name might not be Mister God," she said, "but he sho acks like a white man, wid de Lawd doin' all de work while he r'ars back and writes in a book."

De Lawd and Satan were more sociable than the Christians and the sinners. Once the king told de Lawd something Satan had said. "Dat is one er Satan's weak p'int," said de Lawd. "He jest can't help lyin' a little about me. Outside er his lyin'—" And Satan tried to find de Lawd telling a lie. When the ark Satan had stolen for the Philistines brought bad luck, Satan thought de Lawd had told a lie.

"Dat's whar I kotedched you, Lawd," he say. "'Cause I hyared you tell Samuel wid my own ears dat dis ark would bring luck to anybody which had hit! I hyared you, Lawd, plain. And you can't crawfish outn sayin' dat." "Dat's zackly what I said," say de Lawd, "and dat's zackly what I meant." And de Lawd explained to Satan that the ark would bring good luck to good people and bad luck to bad people.

De Lawd and Satan "had it nip and tuck"; but as de Lawd said, "efn hit wa'n't nobody bad, hit wouldn't be no p'int in bein' good, 'cause wouldn't nobody know about hit. Verily I say unto you, when I made Satan so he could make sin, I knowed what I was up to."

The pickaninny was confused by the superstitions of the sinners and the beliefs of the Christians. The sinners told her plat-eyes caused trouble; the Christians told her Satan caused trouble. "Is a plat-eye de same like old Satan?" she asked. The Christians themselves confused superstition and religion. For a good crop, they started work exactly at sunrise and prayed to de Lawd. When one preacher had difficulty in talking to de Lawd, he thought a sinner had charmed de Lawd. And even de Lawd was careful to give "lucky stuff" to his Christians. He had Samuel build a little ark, in which he placed bread, a chicken feather, a buckeye seed, a frog, and dingle dust. Then de Lawd repeated "dingle dust" over the ark four times to charm it, saying, "And bring nothin' but luck to de man which got dis ark!" De Lawd was superstitious about looking for a man when he wanted him " 'cause ev'y time I sets out to hunt somebody, well, dat is jest de time I don't find him." When de Lawd anointed Saul, he poured "lucky stuff" on his head; and when Samuel anointed Little David, he said, "Dat'll make yo' hair grow, son."

The miracles were confused with magic and often explained as fraud. When Elijah saw the widow's meal was gone, he "made a pass and done a lot er ju-ju tawk, like he's passin' a miracle, and when de woman wa'n't lookin', he tuck and poured a sack er meal in de bar'l which he brang over in his pocket." On the Fourth of July, Elijah declared a barbecue and made an agreement with Ahab that if he called down rain and fire, everyone would come to church Sunday. When de Lawd heard later that Elijah had called down fire and water, he said, "I'm de onliest man kin pass a miracle wid fyer and water around dis man's town, and I didn't had nothin' to do wid dat stuff yestiddy." Elijah admitted that he put coal oil in his water jug and poured it on the wood, which he lit with a match when no one was looking. "And Lawd, you know good as me," he said, "you take a barbecue and Saddy evenin' and de Fouth of July all at one lick, and she jest mighty nigh bound to rain!" (Concluded on page 20)

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De Bible was a book from which preachers read. The only selection now known from de Bible was the one Jonah read to a lady fishing on Sunday:

"Ain't it a shame to ketch a fish on Sunday!

Ain't it a shame, Lawd, sin and a shame!

Ain't it a shame to ketch a fish on Sunday!

Ain't it a shame, Lawd, sin and a shame!

When you got Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,

Friday, Saddy, too,

Ain't it a shame to ketch a fish on Sunday!

Ain't it a shame, Lawd, sin and a shame!"

The prayers to de Lawd were awkward and brief. To men accustomed to seeing de Lawd walk de earth, prayer was a difficult means of intercourse. Yet the Christians thought prayer was their duty. To begin a "good-time" the people would pray, "Lawd, hyar us is fixin' to good-time, sinners and Christians. I ain't gonter take up yo' time axin' you what to do, 'cause you knows good as me. Amen." And when tractors were first used on the plantation, the negroes prayed at sunrise, "Lawd, hyar us go again. Diffunt dis time, but goin' jest de same. Take keer er Mister Jeems and Miss Pauline and de baby, dis year, Lawd, and de niggers and de mules, and de craps. And ef'n you knows anything about dis yuther stuff, well, take keer er hit, too. Amen." They felt that it was superfluous "to stand hyar and argy wid you 'bout what us wants you to do, when you knows good as we."

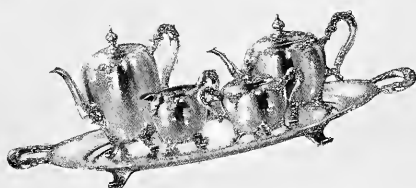
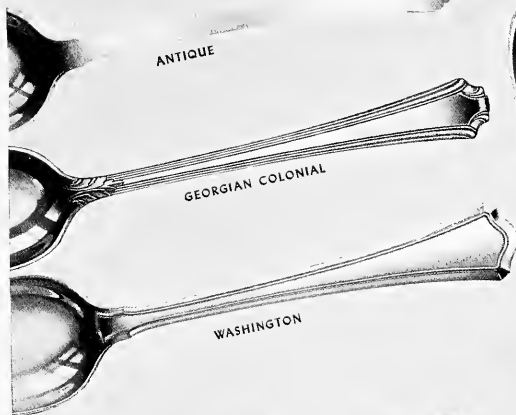
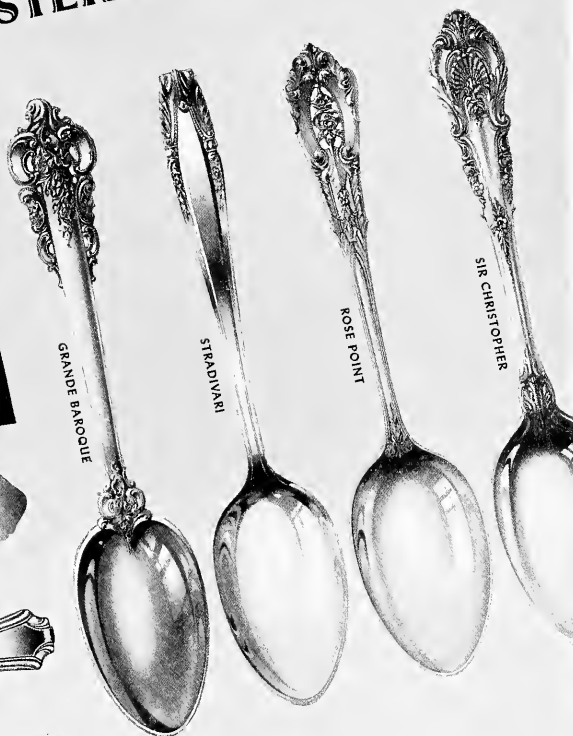
When de Lawd was talking, he would rock back and forth "like he knew a secret that he was not going to tell." De Lawd always had a plan, but he said, "I ain't in no hurry." The people and even the angels sometimes thought de Lawd was only talking when he said he had a plan. Once de Lawd explained to Gabriel that he caused the Philistines to win over the Israelites, "but some way or yuther de word got passed around de store dat de Lawd's chilluns was gittin' whupped pyorely by de Philistines, and dat de Lawd was round, jest makin' tawk like it was him, jest to keep de fo'ks f'm knowing how things stood." When Eli told de Lawd someone was a liar, de Lawd said that there were no lies marked against him in the sin book. "He's mighty slick, Lawd," Eli said. "I was a long time gittin' on to him, myse'f." When a preacher heard of sin he had not known of, he said, "I didn't know hit. And I don't speck de Lawd knowed hit, too." De Lawd heard what they said, but "he didn't say a word." He did not pretend to know everything; and when he met a man, he would say, "How's de old lady and de gal—what's her name?—gittin' along?" or "Cou'se I ain't never seed de gal you married up wid" to make conversation. De Lawd always had a plan in his mind, nevertheless; and he was carrying it out. "But when a natchal man gits smart enough to know I don't need no he'p, well, he too smart to waste his time on de yearth," said de Lawd.

This Shocking Schiaparelli

(Continued from page 15)

The success of Elsa Schiaparelli is attributed by those who know her to her ability as a designer and to her intuitive knowledge of the kind of clothes women want. Her models are clothes of today, uninfluenced by conventional standards or by traditions of past elegance. Schiaparelli dares to be original with new materials, new colors. If she is charged at times with certain eccentricities, no one denies that amusing details and whimsical gadgets are the hallmark of today. Women buy them and ask for more. The house is a success. The house is Schiaparelli.

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